

Where I'm From

Callie, Sheldon Clark High School, Martin County

I am from glass figurines
from Windex and Country Crock.
I am from the old white and brown house
Large, fading
It sounds like a creaky haunted house.
I am from the morning glories
the hydrangea bush
large and blooming.

I'm from the Sunday dinners and pale skin,
from Roscoe and Susan and Evealeene.
I'm from the terrible jokes and bad singing.

From "you peaked too early" and "stop worrying".
I'm from Sunday school and Inez First Baptist,
from biscuits and gravy.
From the video of my cousin and my uncle wrestling in the front yard on Thanksgiving,
and from the overall bluntness.

Where I'm From

Ciera, Sheldon Clark High School, Martin County

I am from homemade cornbread.
From the evergreen trees.
I'm from the deer in the front yard in the summer,
Who get scared when you get too close.

I'm from the peaceful crickets chirping at night.
From the ghost stories told by the bonfire.
I'm from the smell of beans for dinner.
From the smell of gas at the gas station.
I'm from the wolf's howl that sends a shiver up my spine.

I'm from the bark of the old pine trees.
From the mud that is slung up on me from the tires of a 4-wheeler.
From the hillbillies and rednecks.

The old photos hanging up on the wall,
Lost people just trying to find their way.
Many already gone,
I'm from home.

Where I'm from

Chase, Sheldon Clark High School, Martin County

I am from the darks woods
From turkeys legs and tenderloins,
I am from the trees
To the stones then the shingles,
It tasted sweet and sour
I am from the flower on the ground,
The flower is amazing
My holler..... ROCKHOUSE

I'm from the riding hillbillies
And the rednecks.
From my dad and papaw and mamaw
I'm from the loud mouths
And the deer hunters

From "don't shoot ya eye out"
and "don't wreck it"

I'm from the church of god
Getting baptized and praying

I'm from Texas and the rednecks
Eating deer meat and turkey legs
From the word of god
Papaw never was late for church
and neither was Mamaw
Down in the basement,
I am from the holler of Rockhouse
Shooting deer, climbing rocks,
And eating a lot of meat.

Where I'm From

Jala, Sheldon Clark High School, Martin County

I am from summer days and nights from spitting watermelon seeds off the back porch. I am from drinking iced tea in the evening. I am from swimming day and night the water felt like ice. I am from smelling honey suckle through the hot breeze. I am from back porch sitting with mom and dad.

I am from siblings and cousins coming and swimming all day. I am from mom and dad coming out and rubbing sun block all over us. I am from getting back in, and the sun block running down my face and burning my eyes.

I am from mom and dad coming out and telling us to take a break from swimming. I am from dad's brown eyes to mom's wide foot. I am from back of the truck riding up in the hills at night, to the cool breeze blowing on our faces. I am from knowing it's all about to be over, to hanging out with my cousins any chance I get.

Where I'm From

Holly, Sheldon Clark High School, Martin County

I am from Pompoms
From megaphones and toys
I am from the early morning Sunday getting up
Having family bon fires
Tasting like chocolate
I am from the cardinal bird
The apple tree, smelling of the Spring

I'm from the blonde hair and
Blue-eyed family
From mamaw to momma, then
Bubba and me
I'm from the crazy, loving,
And annoying family

From to straighten up and
You loved each other daily
I'm from a go big blue
Crazy Kentucky family
I'm from Eastern Kentucky
Eating noodles and fruit
From the brother always playing sports
And momma always stressing to get us where we needa be

From the heartbreak of a broken family
I am from a Eastern Kentucky holler, that loves to cheer on University of Kentucky "Go Big Blue," from ridin' four wheelers, have a good quality family time,
To getting yelled at if you are in the wrong,
From being taught right from wrong.
But most importantly,
I'm from being loved.

Where I'm From

Kenneth, Sheldon Clark High School, Martin County

I am from the toolbox
I am from the wrenches and the sockets
I am from the brick house with the blue brick
It felt perfect for the family
I am from the perfect tree for a tree stand the green grass so green

I am from the vacation to the lake every summer and the green eyes
From dad and mom and papaw
I am from the hardworking and caring family

From keep your head up boy and hold your ground
I am from church on Sundays
I am from Kentucky
I am from the baked apple and canned apples
From the time my papaw accidentally pushed me off the porch
I am from the loving granmaw who won't let mom scold you
I am from the pictures on the wall and the scrapbook in the bookshelf
I am from Kentucky and I'm proud